

## Wave Over Wave

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## Wave Over Wave

by [spockandawe](#)

### Summary

So this is pretty much everything you've ever dreamed of. You're pretty sure you've been wanting this *forever*. Or, okay, logically, you've been wanting half of this situation for maybe like... a year, tops. But right now you're in Megatron's lap, with your legs are spread wide around his thighs, and Optimus Prime is right there in front of you with his hands resting on your knees, and you honestly can't remember a time when you didn't want this so badly you could die.

### Notes

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So this is pretty much everything you've ever dreamed of. You're pretty sure you've been wanting this *forever*. Or, okay, logically, you've been wanting half of this situation for maybe like... a year, tops. But right now you're in Megatron's lap, with his spike sinking into your aft, and your legs are spread wide around his thighs, and Optimus Prime is right there in front of you with his hands resting on your knees, and you honestly can't remember a time when you didn't want this so badly you could die.

And heh, you've got lots of time to think about how you can't believe this is really *happening*. Okay, admittedly, you've got the time to think about that because Megatron is taking this so slowly, and it's a little distracting feeling the way his spike stretches you out, the way he's only letting you sink down onto him so slowly you can barely tell you're moving. And then you're distracted from the distraction because Optimus Prime is *watching you*. He's looking at you like— Like you're something worth having, or some other horrible, cheesy line like that.

Okay, haha, no. That's hilarious. Any bot alive would be lucky to have you. But that doesn't change the fact that Optimus Prime is *Optimus Prime* and Megatron is *Megatron*, and both of them

are here. With *you*. There is absolutely no reason in the whole universe you would ever argue with that, but you keep going back to check your processor for malfunctions, just to be double-triple sure that you aren't hallucinating this whole thing.

By the time the back of your thighs hit Megatron's lap, your aft port aches with how he's stretching you out—not so much that you aren't already trying to move against him, ha—but his hands are on your waist, holding you motionless. You can't do anything but cling to his arms. You'd try to argue, if you could find the words. But this, this is— It's hard to think past how much he's *filling* you, and all you want is for him to pound you through the berth already, but he's still holding you in place and he won't let you move—

Megatron's thighs spread, opening your legs wide with them. You're trying to figure out how to ask what— but Optimus is already stepping into the space, and oh. *Oh*.

You sort out your vocal processor just enough to manage, “Primus, *Primus*, yes, please—”

All Optimus says is, “Patience.”

Noooo, no patience, you're not built for it. But Optimus just puts a gentle hand on each of your thighs, stands there, and watches you. He spreads your legs just the littlest bit further. That's fine, *anything* is fine, you just need him in you so badly that you think you might explode if you have to wait a moment longer.

Megatron leans you back against his chest, and he's— *exposing* you for Optimus, and that's already almost too much, but his spike shifts inside you, and you can't help a surprised, “*Ahhh—*”

Your head falls back against Megatron's shoulder. He leans his cheek against yours, and you press against him and fight your hardest to not shake. Optimus cups your cheek with his other hand, and you lose that battle.

“Rodimus,” Optimus says, “Are you certain?”

You absolutely positively can't help laughing at that. You manage, “If you don't get inside me *right now*, I don't think I'll ever forgive you.”

And *oh*, that gets you a single soft laugh from Optimus. Your fuel pump skips a beat. “Very well,” he says.

Optimus takes his hand from your face, which is kind of the worst, but it's okay, because he sets his hands under your legs and lifts them up—Megatron's spike moves inside you again, *nnh*— you wrap your legs around his waist, and you and Megatron watch him, still cheek to cheek, as he takes his spike and sets it against your valve.

You thought Megatron was slow (which he totally was), but Optimus is even worse. In some ways it's good. Your aft still aches in the best way with how large Megatron is, and Optimus is barely even in you and you're so already so full you have to wonder how much your chassis can even take.

Optimus and Megatron are both watching Optimus's spike sink into your valve now. It leaves you free to look between both of them—except you can barely see Megatron from this angle, and Optimus is so *right there* that you can hardly stand to look at him. Megatron is completely still under you. You don't know how he can do it. It's *killing* you not to move against him. You may even mean that literally, and you'll die a tragic death from not being fragged hard enough, and then they'll both be sorry. At least you wish they'd stop... looking at you like this. It's too much,

having their attention on you, and you not being able to do anything about it.

So after waiting for approximately forever, you finally get impatient enough to wrap your legs around Optimus's waist and yank him deeper into you. Objectively, it's the best plan ever. But it doesn't work. You don't even manage to shift him.

It's not all bad, though, because he raises his optics to meet yours. He says, "*Patience.*"

Patience? You did patience! And patience is all you've been doing, because at this point it would be a stretch to say that you've done either of *them*. But before you can get all your arguments together, Megatron moves. Not much, not nearly as much as you actually want. But he takes a hand from your waist and wraps it around your spike instead.

Not that he bothers to do anything with it. Oh no, that would be too *easy*. To be honest, you're pretty sure he's just moving it out of the way so he can get a better view of Optimus's spike and your valve. You don't actually mind that much, the contact still feels amazing, and now you can kind of sort of work your hips down against both of them.

Plus at this point you're, wow, you're really starting to feel Optimus. You try to lean forward a little, see how much of his spike you still have to go. He puts a hand under your chin and lifts your head so you meet his optics, and just... holds your gaze. He shifts his hand to cup your cheek again. You lean into that touch. How could you not? He just holds you there and watches you and his other hand is still on your thigh and his spike is in your valve and you can feel his fans venting hot air against your chest. You wish you knew what he likes best, because you'd do it for him, *anything*, there isn't any way you'd tell him no right now.

Megatron's hand moves against your spike. You shudder, and your optics flicker offline for half a moment. It's light and teasing, but he doesn't stop, which makes him pretty much your favorite person ever. He strokes you over and over, brushing his thumb over the tip of your spike every time, and it's too much in the best possible way. Sometimes the side of his hand brushes against your node, and that's even better, but it's only *sometimes* and there's no pattern to it, and you're chasing that contact with your hips, and you need him *so badly*—

Megatron bends his head to press his lips to the back of your neck. "Rodimus," he says, "Tell me if you want this."

"Yes," you manage. "*Please—*"

You can feel him chuckle against you more than you can hear it. "Please what?"

Your voice is half-choked by static, but you force out, "*Please don't stop—!*"

His lips curl into a smile against your neck. He takes his other hand from your waist, brings it up to your chest plate, lets his fingers trace around and around a vent.

Like this, you're free to move. You're *desperate* to move. But before you can do anything about it, Optimus wraps his free arm around your thigh and hoists your legs higher. He locks optics with you. "Are you ready?"

Ready? You were *forged* ready, you've been waiting for this for millions of years, there's only one answer you could possibly have. You whisper, "Please." His hand is still on your cheek and you raise one of your hands to hold it there.

Optimus buries himself inside you in one last smooth motion. You lock your legs around his waist. You need him right here, just like this, *forever*. You're so full you can hardly think, and the only

thing that would possibly make this better is if he and Megatron would get to work fragging you into oblivion. Optimus doesn't move, though. It takes a little effort to get your thoughts in order, but he's—too still, he's holding himself completely motionless, except you think you can feel the smallest hint of a shiver where his hips are pressed against you.

It takes a moment to nerve yourself into it—which is stupid, possibly the stupidest thing ever, why would *this* be what you get hung up on—but you take your other hand from Megatron's arm and reach up to just barely touch his chest. You lose your nerve pretty much right away. That was dumb and you're dumb. But before you can take your hand back and pretend this never happened, Optimus catches your hand in his. He presses your hand against his chest, right over his spark, and that's it, you're going to die. Die of embarrassment and happiness.

Then he really starts to move, and oh hey. Turns out you were wrong. *This* is how you're going to die. You thought Optimus felt big before? Ha, no, it's so much *more* when he's moving in and out of you, especially when every thrust presses you against Megatron, shifts his spike inside you. It's good that you're braced against Megatron's chest, because you don't think you'd be able to keep yourself upright on your own.

Optimus drops his hand from your face. Which—no, that's the worst decision, why would he do that? Turns out he'll do that to get a hand on your spike, which you *suppose* is a legitimate excuse. He nudges Megatron aside and takes your spike in his hand. He holds you more firmly than Megatron, no teasing. It's hard to move with him still driving into you and him and Megatron filling you so much you can't remember how to think, but you still fight as hard as you can to thrust into Optimus's grip.

He watches you struggle with soft optics, your hand still held over his spark. He only says, "Rodimus," and it's— you had no idea your name could sound like that, you had no idea Optimus ever *would* say your name like that, and it's too much, it's all too much.

You let your head fall back against Megatron's shoulder again. He laughs, soft and gentle, and presses a kiss to your helmet. Both his hands are playing with your vents now, teasing little touches, but every so often he dips his fingers inside you and you can't help shuddering. You clutch at his arm with your free hand. It's not enough, you need to do something more for him, he *deserves* more from you, but you're pinned between him and Optimus and everything is so *much* and your processor just won't catch up.

You try to turn your head enough to at least nuzzle at Megatron's cheek—the angle is all wrong, but you totally deserve full credit for the attempt—and you're rewarded with another quiet laugh and another kiss. You try to catch one of his hands in yours—it's hard, your head is spinning and your hands are shaking, but you manage, eventually. He lets your fingers tangle with his, and then he keeps on teasing at your vents. Optimus's hand is still on your spike, and whenever any of you move, both their spikes shift inside you and you feel fuller than ever, and you never want this to stop.

Megatron murmurs, "If you're going to always be this lovely, I think we should keep you like this much more often."

You jump, and gasp when his spike stretches you wide. "I—What—"

His fingers dip into your vents, and you shiver. He laughs softly, and says, "You're lovely, Rodimus."

It takes a moment for the words to process, and then you flush hot all over. Your fans spin up even faster. A little piece of you wonders if you're going to overheat, but most of you absolutely does

not care. Megatron's lips press against your helm, and you can feel him smile against you. You cling to his hand and do your best to twist far enough to bury your face in his neck.

That lasts for all of a moment, until Optimus drops your hand, gets a grip on your thighs, and lifts your legs, pressing forward against you until you're bent nearly double. You thought he was big before? Ha, no. Like this you're feeling every last bit of him, this is how much he stretches you, you can barely even feel your body anymore, you can just feel every place where he and Megatron are touching you, those are the only spots where you're real.

And Optimus is so close now. He watches you, quiet and solemn. You can't look away from him. You don't want to look away from him, and you want to hide your face against Megatron's neck, and you want Optimus to look at you like this forever.

You could kiss him like this. You could. If, you know—if you had the nerve. Well you don't, and that's that. But you do manage to take your hand and cup his cheek. He doesn't stop you, doesn't move away, and you collect the courage to ask, "Is this—Am I—?"

He gives you a soft laugh and tilts his head into your hand, "You're perfect."

It's too much, this is officially the point where everything is too much and too *good*, and even in the face of mounting, ah, *physical evidence*, you kind of really can't believe this is actually happening. You don't know how to handle this. Primus, you don't know what your face is doing right now, but even—you don't want this to stop, but you can't handle how they're *looking* at you.

You wrap both your arms around Optimus's neck and bury your face against his shoulder. He pauses a moment, just pressed quiet and steady, close against you, before he begins moving again. Megatron takes his hands off your vents. Part of you wants to argue. But a bigger part of you is pretty sure that forming coherent sentences is the absolute worst thing in the world right now. It's okay. You're holding tight to Optimus, but Megatron shifts forward against you, staying pressed tight against your back. That's good, you think you might die if either of them left right now. Megatron spreads one hand across the center of your chest—you flush hot again when you realize his hand is right over your spark. His other hand goes down into the space between you and Optimus, between your legs.

There isn't much space. Optimus already has a hand on your spike, and let's not forget that there are two other spikes in the mix, plus some nice substantial thighs, plenty of armor plating. But Megatron still manages to get a finger on your node. It's good, it's *perfect*, it's everything you could possibly ask for. Right?

It really isn't a good fit, though. There isn't enough space for both of them, and their hands are running up against each other. You're close to overload—you think. You *are*, but you're not sure you can actually tip yourself over the edge. There's no reason to be uneasy, but you—you're choking and you *shouldn't* be, this is perfect, it's everything you've ever wanted. Optimus is pressing forward against you and Megatron's arm is wrapped around your chest, holding you tight against him.

You cling to Optimus's neck. You keep your face hidden against his shoulder and do your best not to—to anything. You can't disappoint them now, you *can't*. If you could just get yourself over the edge into overload, you think that would be okay. But you really don't think that's going to happen, and it's feeling less and less likely by the second. Everything is too close and too *tight* and when you turn off your optics, you can almost pretend it's like it was at first, but you can feel Megatron shoving Optimus's hand off your spike, and Optimus is driving you down against Megatron's chest so hard it almost hurts, and neither of them can see that anything is wrong and you don't know *why*, and you can't tell them to stop, not when you were so desperate for this in the

first place and what if it never happens again—

You don't know who the first one to notice is. You can't look up and you *won't* look up. Your arms are still tight around Optimus's neck, and you can't remember how to move or talk or—or anything. You just notice when they both slow and freeze. The silence is awful and awkward and probably your fault, but someone else can worry about what to do with it, because you're sure not speaking up first.

Optimus is the first one to give it a go. "Rodimus, what's wrong?"

Well if you knew, and if you could make your voice work, maybe you could tell him. But looks like everyone's out of luck here.

Megatron's the next one to try salvaging the unsalvageable. "It's—us." What? No, you want both of them so badly you can hardly function, that was never a question. But he's still going. "Optimus, back down—give him some space."

You'd argue if you could. But all you can do is try to hang on while Optimus pulls away from you, and your hands are so shaky that you don't even do a good job of that.

But that's not even the worst. Optimus takes a step back, and his spike slips out of your valve. And as soon as he's gone, Megatron takes you by the waist and carefully lifts you off his own spike. *That's* the worst. And you're so useless that you still can't even tell what you did wrong.

Megatron and Optimus are arguing over your head, but you—you're not parsing the words, you don't *want* to parse them, nobody can make you. Maybe you've got some nagging curiosity to know just how you managed to screw up this time, but it's. Probably better if you don't know.

At least Megatron's still holding you. Little wins. He and Optimus are still talking about whatever, but at least Megatron's arms are still around you. You're still looking down, all numb, still not processing the words you're hearing, when Optimus bends down to catch one of your hands in his.

He uses his other hand to tip your face up so he can look you in the optics. And hey, progress, because you're apparently able to understand your own name now. Optimus is saying, "Rodimus. *Rodimus.*"

Megatron's arms tighten around you. "I told you he needs his *space*, Prime."

Optimus wraps his fingers around yours and looks up at Megatron. "Like you're giving him, presumably?"

And Megatron takes his arms from around you. That's bad enough, but hey, no, he's lifting you up and setting you aside, hold on, that is the *opposite* of what you want, *you don't want them to make you go—*

On the upside, it doesn't take much clinging and struggling to get your message across. They let you settle back down in Megatron's lap, and Optimus is still letting you hold his hand and everything.

Megatron eventually ventures, "Shall I take that to mean you don't want us to leave?"

Optimus adds, "What do you need from us?"

Your vocal processor is back online, apparently, because you manage a shaky, "...dunno."

You are the most helpful mech, it is you. Optimus still hasn't dropped his optics from yours. "Do you want us to stay?"

That's an easy one. "Yes."

Optimus hesitates for a moment, then moves to sit on the berth beside Megatron. He doesn't let go of your hand. You can feel Megatron tense up underneath you, but he doesn't do anything more. His hands are still secure on your waist.

Optimus watches him, silent, and finally says, "We shouldn't."

Megatron shoots him a look and snaps, "*You're* one to—" He stops, pauses. "You're right. We shouldn't."

He lets his hands drop. Optimus reaches out, then hesitates. Megatron is the one to move you, swinging your legs up and around until you're spread out across both their laps. Megatron has one hand resting under your helmet and the other resting on your chest, Optimus's hands are gentle on your waist and legs. They're both watching you so closely you almost have to look away. But then Megatron smiles at you, then Optimus, and you couldn't look away even if you tried.

"Hey," you say.

Optimus asks, "What can we do for you?"

Whoa. That sure is an open-ended offer he's making. Everything? Is that allowed as an answer? You're still painfully aware of how hot your fans are running, and you can feel the heat pouring off both of them, and you can't resist asking, "Is there any chance that I haven't *completely* ruined the evening?"

Megatron actually laughs out loud, and you can't help grinning back at him. "*Shameless*, Rodimus."

"You say that like it's a character flaw," responds Optimus.

That isn't a no from either of them. You grin a little wider. "Shameless, but not *selfish*—come on, I'll make it worth your time—"

"Oh no," Megatron says. "None of that. I think we're in agreement that you'll do nothing but lie still and enjoy yourself."

Optimus nods. "A challenge, perhaps. But I am confident that you will find it in you to succeed."

Optimus Prime is *teasing you*. That's it, this day is clearly a hallucination brought on by a batch of bad engex, there's no other explanation. Their hands are already moving against you in much more interesting ways. Megatron catches your spike in his hand as it pressurizes again, and Optimus is nudging your legs just a little further apart, enough for him to get a hand between your thighs. You grab onto their arms and just do your best to hang on.

It's *perfect*. Before was perfect too, but this is a different kind of perfect. Megatron stroking your spike, Optimus sliding two fingers up your valve, both of them with their optics locked onto your face. You try to arch up into Megatron's hand, but he puts a hand on your waist to hold you down—and Optimus has joined forces with him, working against you, because he puts *his* spare hand on your thighs, pinning you further. This is a conspiracy, you're being oppressed, and you're loving absolutely every minute of it.

You can't believe how fast the charge builds. There's—It's something about the way they watch you, both of them together. You want to hold out longer to, to make it last, or something stupid and sentimental like that. If you could, you'd be more than happy to stay here like this all night. But you can't, you *really* can't, Megatron's hand is so good on your spike, and Optimus is hitting nodes up and down your valve every time he moves, and they're so in time with each other so you never get a chance to recover, and, and they're both *watching you*—

You couldn't resist the overload if you tried. Your optics go out, all your senses are glitching, you'd almost be afraid you were about to roll off the berth and onto the floor, but you can feel their arms, holding you secure against them. You're saying something, you think—Primus knows what, you just hope it's nothing too embarrassing. Your fans are roaring so loud you can hardly hear yourself think.

You pull yourself back together slowly. Hey, you couldn't wait on the overload, the least you can do is *really* enjoy the feeling of their hands on you like this, holding you close. They're talking over your head again, but you're so blissed out you can't even bring yourself to care about what they might be saying. When you're finally ready to function like an actual mech again, one of the first things you become aware of is the big slag-sucking grin on your face. Is that inappropriate? Don't know, don't care, you couldn't possibly react any other way.

"Hey again," you say.

Megatron says, "Welcome back. Can we safely assume you enjoyed yourself?"

You stretch and grin even wider. "You could say that." And—you hesitate for a moment, but really, this seems like the perfect time to push your luck. "That doesn't mean the evening is *over*, does it?"

Optimus actually *laughs*. He looks over at Megatron. "Shameless indeed."

Megatron shakes his head and sighs. "Entirely."

"What shall we do with him?"

"That's not a no!" You try to hold back your laughter and *completely* fail. "Come on, you both know you totally want to."

Megatron looks back over at Optimus and smiles. "I'm sure we'll be able to find some way to pass the time together."

End Notes

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